

THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

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OKOLONA, MISS., JANUARY 27, 1859.

VOL. VII.—NO. 20.

THE PRAIRIE NEWS,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
JNO. RICHARDSON,
AT \$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

POETRY.

AN ADIEU.

A bloomy lass of sweet sixteen,
First roused my admiration,
With looks so mild, I thought that she
Loved me—like all creation;
My boyish heart at last found words
Its tale of love to tell her,
And listened when she fondly swore
She loved some other fellow!

My second was more lovely far
Than all the girls around her,
With mules and niggers, stocks and lands,
And money too—confound her—
I coaxed her with a cunning tongue,
And thought she asked refused her,
But when she begged me to "excuse,"
I, like a fool "excused" her.

The next had charming, golden curls
Around her shoulders floating,
With lip and eye and voice so sweet
I scarce could help from courting;
So mild, so gentle too was she—
So little touched with evil,
But when I made my motive known
She proved a perfect coquette!

I tried again, with like results
The lower and the higher—
Each beauty seemed to doat on me
Until I came to try her;
So here's a toast to one and all
The female population;
I'll keep my pictures, books and rings,
And quit the occupation.

NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.
The proudest motto for the young—
Write it in lines of gold,
Upon thy heart and in thy mind
The stirring words unfold.
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power—
'There is no such word as Fail."

ORIGINAL.

[For the Prairie News.]
LETTERS FROM A FIRESIDE.

V.

It is night. The fire on the hearth
glows brightly. It flashes and sparkles
with wild vivacity, a vehement and ex-
ulting glee that is akin to living spirit
And who shall say that it does not live?
Who shall say that spirits are not evol-
ved in its burning? I have met men who
have seen them. They are strange fan-
tastic shapes; sometimes, when one sits
lonely at twilight, venturing out and
dancing over the room, playing in the
air, climbing the walls like flickering
shadows. Taking often ghostly forms,
clad in the winding sheet of dead hopes
they gather round like demons, thrusting
memorials into our faces; strewing around
us remembrances of the lost. In their
weird forms come back sweet smiles for-
ever gone, roses that bloomed once in
some glorious hour of life and love.—
Ah! Memory is the tormenting spirit that
haunts our peace.

But who could fully enjoy being
gloomy, with such a chatter going on in
the room? The children are in a perfect
tumult of play. The unnaturalized bar-
barians have already wounded themselves
enough to disable a veteran, without ex-
periencing the least inconvenience. If I
had my way with those youthful Tartars
—but it does not signify. Even if they
were banished into outer darkness, (ac-
companied doubtless, with weeping and
gnashing of teeth), their elders would
keep up sufficient noise to distract the
cogitations of a Newton.

Alexis and Posey are talking in the
corner opposite to mine; she is seated
with great dignity in a high, straight-
backed chair, while he sits, holding a pic-
ture book, on a low stool at her feet.—
Quite a pretty picture they make. She
speaks and listens with earnest, sweet,
simplicity, without fear, and without
guile. She has not entirely conquered
her reserve towards him, while to the
rest of us, her manner is strangely al-
tered: instead of being our sweet child,
she is become quite a dignified little miss,
and, think of it, insists on being called
Ada. To me she is quite stately at times,
and then again very affectionate. Some-
times, she sits thinking, and a smile

lights up her face for an instant, a strange-
ly sweet smile. She is incomprehensi-
ble. Alexis, on the contrary, is becoming
quite gay. I hear them chatting pleas-
antly. She holds her hand before her
face to keep the fire from burning it.—
He rises gallantly, and holds a newspa-
per before her.

"No, please don't," she says, "you
will be tired. Indeed you must not."
"I should be perfectly delighted if you
would let me hold it," he pleads.

"No, you would be tired."
"I should be far more uncomfortable,
Miss Ada, if you forbade it," and she be-
lieves the polite speech; the square
shadow of the paper falls on her fair
face. The next words are lower and
more earnest.

"You are so gentle, Miss Ada; I wonder
if you ever did anything wrong."
If I could see her face now, I know it
would be a study, but that newspaper is
in the way; her voice hesitates:

"Oh please not to think such a thing.
It is so wrong. I am sure you would not
think so if you saw how cross I am some-
times," and the religious little soul seems
quite sad. They are looking at the pic-
tures again.

My mother and Walter are sitting on
the sofa, not far off, discoursing in do-
mestic matters.

"I am sure," my mother says, "I am
delighted that the holidays are over, they
are no pleasure to housekeepers. Why,
the dust and confusion that there is in
this house is scandalous, dreadful. I
never saw the like. The servants, I verily
believe, do nothing but sleep and
dance."

"I passed the kitchen door this morn-
ing," Walter remarks, "and noticed a
circle of choice spirits. Lyt seemed to
be the 'boss.' They were all chaps of
about the same age. The fair sex were
not represented. They stood in a circle,
and each danced by himself with silent
and solemn joy. I wish, mother, you
would have them all provided with
chairs, and in that way combine the use-
ful and ornamental. As it was, I never
saw such unprovoked and inexcusable
murder of the graces."

My mother smiled a little, but pursued
the current of her thoughts.

"I am going to have the house thor-
oughly cleaned up the day after to-mor-
row; so Walter, you must move your
guns and things, for I shall have your
room completely overhauled."

O, Mother, I beg!" and he holds up
his hands in exaggerated deprecation.

"It must be done," she observes, in
the tone of a domestic Brutus. "And I
think, considering all there is to do, I
might have one of the women out of the
field to help. I do not see that they are
doing much. But it is of no use to ask
Mr. Hope. The way overseers do take
things into their own heads is too pro-
voking. By the by, Lyt has never
brought back the smoke house key."

My mother has departed in search of
Lyt, a hazardous and uncertain voyage.
I do not think I ever heard it remarked
that the mistress and the overseer on a
Southern plantation, are in secret but
perpetual enmity. The lady's gentle-
ness and kindness, almost always im-
pel her to persuade the master to soften
the stern discipline that the subordinate
thinks necessary. 'Tis well so. Man is
too stern without the tempering softness
of woman's influence.

My father sits reading the news papers,
for the mail came in late this evening.
Walter joins him. Politics will begin
to be discussed presently, and what shall
I do? I had thought that my old ene-
my was decently buried. The Christ-
mas holidays would have been dull
enough except for home pleasures. One
evening, however, the 28th, Mattie, Ada,
Alexis, Walter and I, went to a ball in
our little city. A mile of mud we had
to traverse, ere we reached our village,
the brightest and tallest for its age of
all Mississippi's children. When we en-
tered the ball room, we found almost all
the company assembled, though the dance

ing had not commenced. Truly a fair
and merry party, laughing, talking, en-
joying themselves, many a flirtation al-
ready begun. Many of the ladies were
as fair, as graceful, as gentle as ever did
a "galliard grace" in courtly olden times.
Many a face rises before me now the im-
personation of youth and happiness.—
Presently their gallant partners lead
them out; the dance has begun, the even-
ing has commenced, and "all goes merr-
y as a marriage bell."

This is the first time that Ada has been
out, having only lately returned from
school. What a golden radiance hangs
over the scene in her eyes, its faded hues
have all "the glory and the freshness of
a dream." Alexis does not seem to feel
safe away from her side. The dance
ceases; Ada and Alexis are standing
near me, her cheek is flushed, her eye
sparkling with pleasure; he, poor fellow,
seems rather dull.

I suppose many interesting conversa-
tions must have been held during the
evening, to judge from the specimens I
happened to overhear. I was sitting near
a window, where Archie Deane was stand-
ing with a timid, loveorn maiden. The
mad-cap was overflowing with sentiment.

"You are the glorious star, Miss Sa-
rah Elizabeth, that has risen on my dark-
ened existence, dispelling its gloom."

The shivering damsel who was gazing
out of the open window, said "Yes Sir,"
under her breath. The rest of the con-
versation I did not hear. Some one told
me afterwards, about a desperate flirta-
tion of his with Miss R.—. He came
up to her a few minutes after, leading
the overcomer Sarah Elizabeth to a seat.

A short conversation ensued, into which
the gentleman contrived to introduce this
remark in as deep an undertone as he
could assume:

"There is a lady here to night, who
might influence me to all good, who
might be my guardian angel, but I dare
not confess my feelings to her."

He drew down his mouth and looked
quite sad. Her black eyes flashed fun.
"Indeed, Mr. Deane, she should be
proud of such a mission. I quite envy
her. I wonder that you hesitate a mo-
ment."

Poor Archie. I do not know what be-
came of him. I believe he spent the re-
mainder of the evening down stairs in
the passage.

At about 3 o'clock we were all at home,
and Ada murmured as she sank to sleep,
"It was so nice."

Playing Poker Under Disadvantages.
—Dan. Ward and Otis Forrester are in
jail at Cincinnati for swindling a passen-
ger on the Telegraph and for grand lar-
ceny and vagrancy. The history of their
arrest is as follows: They were passen-
gers on the steamer Telegraph from Lou-
isville, aboard of which was a rough, un-
sophisticated individual named Linsley.
A game of poker was proposed, but the
latter held back, and the two former pro-
ceeded to bet by themselves. Linsley
looked on for some time, until he came to
the conclusion that they were no great
shakes of poker players and finally con-
sents to take a hand. The game waxed warm,
until Linsley was burnt to the tune of
\$102. If he held kings, one of the pair
would exhibit aces; if he had "threes" his
opponent was sure to have a "fall" and
so on until the boat arrived at her wharf,
by which time he came to the conclusion
that he had been acting the part of a pig-
eon whose feathers were most essentially
plucked—a fact which he lost no time in
communicating to the river police, who
boarded the boat upon her arrival, and
dressed young men were allowed sufficient
time to become non est, had them in custo-
dy, and as soon after as they were taken
to the station house, searched, when they
took from them \$700, together with the
\$102 won from Linsley.

[Louisville Courier.

Blessed to give.—The sun in the heaven
scatters abroad his beams. The fountain
sends forth its life-giving waters. The
earth teems with its various productions.
The birds sing for our pleasure. Man
should copy the example, and live for the
good of others. He is the happiest who
does most to make others happy. Expe-
rience verifies the words of our Savior,
"It is more blessed to give than to re-
ceive."—[Oriental Babbist.

The Mistake of a Night.

We have the Cincinnati Enquirer as
voucher for the following:

A newly-married pair put up at the
Spencer House—they went out shopping
—returned—bride had left some things
—she quietly slipped out, leaving her
spouse asleep—found her lost articles—
returned—mistook Main for Broadway—
got into the Mansion instead of the Spen-
cer—it looked a little strange—asked
boy if she was in the Spencer—boy said
yes, not fully understanding her—she
told him to lead her to 48—she partly
disrobed and got into bed—expected
her husband momentarily—fell asleep—
the occupant of 48 Mansion, Indiana mer-
chant, returned from the theatre—a lit-
tle tight—quietly went to room—to bed
—to sleep.—The account proceeds:

How long the two reposed there side
by side, with only a foot of space between
them, all unconscious of each other's pres-
ence, is not exactly known, but probably
about an hour, when a tremendous noise
was heard in the apartment, from which
female screams issued widely, piercing
and unceasingly.

The hotel was in an uproar; proprie-
tors, clerks, waiters, porters, and guests,
dressed and half-dressed, were at the
door of "forty eight" in a few minutes,
blocking up the entrance, and asking
each other eagerly, "What is the mat-
ter?" "For God's sake, tell us what is
the trouble?"

The cause of this outcry may be imag-
ined. The bride had awakened about
midnight, and putting her hand over her
husband, it fell upon the Indian's face
and the soft warm touch aroused him at
once. He did not understand it exactly,
though he did not dislike it, and in a mo-
ment more Mrs. R. said—"My dearest
husband, where have you been all the
while?"

"Husband" echoed the merchant, be-
ginning to see, like Lord Tinsel, that he
had "made a small mistake here; "I am
nobody's husband. I reckon, my dear
madam, you're in the wrong bed."

In the wrong bed—horror of horrors,
thought the bride. What would her
liege lord—what would the world say?
And Mrs. R. screamed terribly and
sprang from the couch just as her com-
panion did the same. He was fully as
much alarmed as she, and entreated her
to give him time and he would leave the
apartment, although it was one he had
engaged—he'd make oath to that.

Scream, scream, scream, was the only
reply to this kind proposition.

"My God, madam, don't yell so! you'll
wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear
it's only a mistake. Have some thought
of the consequence. I don't want to
hurt you, I swear I don't. You'll get
me shot, and yourself—well, I won't say
what."

Just at this juncture, the throng out-
side presented itself at the door, and be-
held Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, ex-
ercising her lungs magnificently, with a
sheet wrapped over head and form, and
the Indian in the middle of the room
enveloped in a coverlet and ejaculating;
"My God, madam, don't!"

The Junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw
there must be some mistake, and request-
ing the others to retire, called the mer-
chant out, went with him into another
room, and there learned the whole story.
The Doctor then sent one of the ladies
of the hotel to Mrs. R., and the entire af-
fair was explained greatly to her relief,
though she was overwhelmed with con-
fusion at a circumstance that might have
ruined her reputation forever.

Under the escort of the Doctor she
was conveyed to the "Spencer," where
the husband was found pacing the cor-
ridors with frantic mien, and half-erazed
with grief at the mysterious disappearance
of his wife whom he believed had been
spirited away by a villain, or murdered
for her jewels in this "infernal city,"
where, as he expressed it, "they would
kill a man for a dollar any time."

As soon as he beheld his spouse, he
caught her to his bosom and wept like a
child. He was melted with happiness at
her discovery, and recovery, and told
and told her that he had scoured the city
for intelligence of her whereabouts in
vain.

Some time in the spring of '57
the steamer St. Nicholas "opened"
in this city with a caloupe—the first one
ever heard in these parts—causing the
greatest consternation among the ser-
vants, most of whom supposed they must
now give an account of their sins sure
enough. But one of them, a girl, stood
and listened for some time, and at last
walked into the house and expressed her
opinion thus:

"Missus, I don't b'lieve dat ar's Gab-
riel, 'cause I aint 'fraid a bit; but if it
is him, he's playin' 'Wait for the Wag-
in,' sure's you're born!"—[Tribune.

The End of a Prize Fighter.

The following account is from an eye
witness of the last round fought between
Lilly and McCoy, in which the latter
was killed:

As time was called at the one hundred
and twentieth round, McCoy was lifted
from his second's knee, and stood on his
feet for the last time. He was led slow-
ly to the mark, and took his position—a
dying man—but as erect, as dignified, as
game as ever. Lilly rushed in, threw
him hard, fell with his whole weight upon
him, and remained upon the dying man
until lifted off. On approaching him,
(McCoy,) he was found to be perfectly
inanimate, and sank lifeless in his sec-
ond's arms. Time was called, but not,
alas! for him. Poor fellow, he was
doomed never to hear sound again, till
the challenge of the last trumpet shall
pierce the portals of his ears, and sum-
mon him with those who did foul murder
on him, to a "mark" from which there
will be no dodging—no escape. He had
fought for two hours and forty-three min-
utes, receiving eighty-one heavy falls,
with his antagonist on him, and bleeding,
certainly, for two and a half hours.

As soon as he had been declared the
victim, Lilly jumped up, slapped his
hands with an explanation of joy, and
amid the cheers of his circle, sprang over
the ropes of the ring. He was but little
marked and not severely hurt. Poor
McCoy, on being lifted from the ground,
sank as limber as a rag in his second's
arms. A cry was made for the doctor,
and a movement in mass took place to
give him air. I forced my way into the
crowd, and looked at the dying man.—
God grant that I may never see such an-
other sight. He lay upon his back, one
bruised, unseemly, bloated mass of in-
cipient corruption, gasping for breath,
and word went in a hoarse whisper that
he was dead. Never shall I forget the
talesmanic horror of that expression.

The checks of old and young, the
fledgling villain and the ruffian steeped in
crime, all blanched to ashes, and exchang-
ing a look of vague and undefined fear.
They separated silently and sought their
respective bosoms. Not a loud sound or
rough expression escaped from the vast
assemblage that collected at the landing.
Solemnly each man embarked, and silent-
ly cast off and bore away. I went in the
dead man's boat and sailed back with
him, lying stark, corrupt and dead, in the
same cabin where he in the morning lay
full of life, health, hope, strength and
manhood. I leave the moral to the
reader.

The Night of Life.—There is a beau-
tiful correspondence between the state of
night and the character of our world.
This world is to the Christian—

A NIGHT OF IGNORANCE. Ignorance
may be compared not only to the shades
of evening, but the gloom of night. How
limited is the knowledge of the most em-
inent believer of the world. Where is
the individual to whom the challenge
may not be given, "Can'st thou by search-
ing find God?" What mysteries veil
the dispensations of his providence.—
Clouds and darkness are round about
him. He moves in the whirlwind and
rides upon the storm; his way is in the
sea, and he treads not in the track of hu-
man fitness and propriety. Do not his
dealings with us sometimes constitute an
abyss, in which our minds are over-
whelmed, and our thoughts drowned?—
Are there no truths in the Bible which
far exceed the grasp of our comprehen-
sion, and transcend the loftiest concep-
tion of our minds? It is yet night with
us.

Daniel Webster married the woman
he loved, and the twenty years which
he lived with her brought him to the me-
ridian of his greatness. An anecdote is
current on this subject, which is not re-
corded in the books. Mr. Webster was
becoming intimate with Miss Grace
Fletcher, when a skein of silk, which he
was holding for her to wind, getting into
a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unrav-
eling the snarl—then looking up to Miss
Grace, he said, "we have untied a knot
don't you think we could tie one?" Grace
was a little embarrassed, said not a word,
but in the course of a few minutes she
tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed
it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the
thread of his domestic joys, was found
after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved
as one of his most precious relics.

An anxious mother in Maine thus writes
to her son in California—
"My dear son—Come home. A rolling
stone gathers no moss. Your affection-
ate mother."

To which Young America, with equal
laconism replies:
"My dear mother—Come here. A set-
tling hen never gets fat. Your affection-
ate son."

Gatherings.

A Dutchman's heart-rending soliloquy
is described thus: "She lofes Shon
Michele so much petter as I, pecause he
cot koople dollars more as I has!"

"Husband, I have the asthma so bad
that I can't breathe."
"Well, my dear, I wouldn't try; no-
body wants you to."

An Irish judge said, when addressing
a prisoner: "You are to be hanged, and
I hope it will prove a warning to you."

A whole military company in Dayton,
Ohio, fell in love with a beautiful young
lady, a Jewess, and as they couldn't all
have her, they compromised the matter
by selecting her as their captain.

Loquacious mouths are like badly man-
aged banks—they make large issues on
no solid capital.

People are all the summer learning to
leave a door open, and the whole winter
learning to close it.

The young lady who caught cold by
drinking water from a damp tumbler is
convalescent.

Whoever is honest, generous, courte-
ous, and candid, is a gentleman, whether
he be learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

Self Control.—To those especially who
are just verging into manhood, self-con-
trol is of the most vital importance. All
young persons of ambitious or sanguine
temperament are liable to fierce outbreaks
of passion. These ebullitions are no indica-
tion of a vicious or depraved nature.
Yet they often appear so to the world.
With proper restraint this impetuosity
may be made eminently subservient. All
who are afflicted with such temporary at-
tacks should carefully guard against say-
ing or doing anything offensive. Many
unwittingly or incautiously lose their best
friends by giving vent to their ill feelings
in an angry manner. Self-respect event-
ually ceases with loss of offended friends
and relatives. The man who is prone to
anger drives away not only the kindness
of others but his own self-love. This not
unfrequently ends in gloom and misan-
thropy. From the indulgence of a tem-
porary passion there is but a narrow stride
to a cold, sullen, morose, and cynical dis-
position, the possessor of which views ev-
erything through a distorted medium.

No eye grows brighter with the pres-
ence of a misanthrope, no kindly voice
bids him good morrow, no earnest heart
throbs for him, no warm hand grasps his
with a glad welcome. The sunshine does
not penetrate his soul, the breeze gives
no thrill of pleasure, the gales of life
are a mockery, and all music a discord.

Control your wayward passion if you
would have the love of your fellows. Good
nature is always sure of a hearty recep-
tion. A pleasant voice gives back a joy-
ous echo, a bright smile lights up the
brow of beauty, and a warm, open, gener-
ous, genial soul meets with an affectionate
welcome everywhere.

Vulgar Words.—There is as much
connection between the words and the
thoughts, as there is between the thoughts
and the words—the latter are not only
the expression of the former, but they
have power to re-act upon the soul and
leave the stain of corruption there. A
young man who allows himself to use pro-
fane or vulgar words has not only shown
that there is a foul spot on his mind, but
by the utterance of that word extends the
spot and inflames it; by indulgence it
will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul.
Be careful of your words as well as your
thoughts. If you can control the tongue
so that no improper words be pronounced
by it, you will soon be able to control the
mind and save it from corruption.

Governor S., of South Caro-
lina, was a splendid lawyer, and could
talk a jury out of their seven senses.—
He was especially noted for his success
in criminal cases, always clearing his client.
He was once counsel for a man ac-
cused of horse-stealing. He made a long,
eloquent, and touching speech. The jury
retired, but returned in a few mo-
ments, and with tears in their eyes, pro-
claimed the man not guilty. An old ac-
quaintance stepped up to the prisoner
and said:

"Jem, the danger is past; and now,
honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?"
To which Jem replied:

"Well, Tom, I've all along thought I
took that horse; but since I've heard the
Governor's speech, I don't believe I did!"

Poetic.—Old Master Brown brought
his ferals down—his face was angry and
red.—"Now Anthony Clair, go rest you
there, along with the girls," he said.
Then Anthony Clair, with mortified air,
and his chin down on his breast, crept
slowly away, and sat all day by the girl
that loved him best.